

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIV

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1907.

NO. 46.

THE NEW CUTOFF ROAD IS RAPIDLY NEARING COMPLETION

The Southern Pacific Company Is Using Every Effort to Have Regular Traffic Started Soon.

The Southern Pacific Company is using every effort to have regular traffic over the new bay shore cutoff road commence in the near future.

The roadbed is being thoroughly ballasted in a few weak places, and the Islais Creek bridges are being rushed to completion.

The returning trains from the Palo Alto football game last Saturday went over the new road smoothly and without a hitch.

In speaking about the opening of the new road, a Southern Pacific official told a representative of THE ENTERPRISE that the construction department of the company desired to have the road completed in a thorough manner before turning it over to the operating department.

The operating of the new road will be a great factor in building up the commercial and manufacturing interests of

South City. While there are several large factories located here at present, there is plenty of room left for many more. Nowhere else on San Francisco Bay can better or cheaper locations be had for such institutions.

South City will, under new conditions, become so near to San Francisco in time that a great demand will be created for suburban homes. The beautiful, sloping, sunny hillsides here are ideal spots to build attractive residences.

South City has splendid church and school facilities.

There is no healthier climate anywhere in which to raise children. It is often remarked by strangers how bright and rosy cheeked the children of South City are.

The people of this progressive town are coming to realize that the apt saying of "One for all and all for one" is a good principle to practice.

FRATERNAL ORDERS

F. O. E.

South City Aerie, No. 1473, will conduct its usual monthly initiatory ceremony Wednesday evening next, when fifteen candidates will present themselves. Members will please take notice that the session commences at the hour of 8 p. m., the usual social time arranged for. The ball committee has practically completed all arrangements for the dance on Thanksgiving Eve, and will undoubtedly prove to be the "event of the season."

I. O. R. M.

Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, will nominate its officers for the ensuing

term at its next session, Thursday the 21st. A large attendance of members is requested. "Council Brand" will be lighted at 8 p. m. sharp.

PRETTY STENOGRAPHER SURPRISES HER FRIENDS.

Quite a ripple of excitement was caused in the office of the Western Meat Company yesterday when it became known that Miss Kathryn O'Connor, one of the most popular stenographers, had quietly slipped away, and was married last April, having carefully guarded her secret all these months.

Miss Kathryn O'Connor was married last April at St. Paul's Church, San Francisco, to Joseph A. Marron, a prominent newspaperman of that city. Mrs. Marron has been in the employ of the Western Meat Company for the past year, where she has made many friends. She is a prominent society belle of San Francisco, being a gifted and talented young lady.

At present the young couple are residing in San Francisco, but will soon make their home at North Fair Oaks.

FEARED BANKS AND LOST \$4000

CROWN POINT, Ind., Nov. 11, 1907.—Thieves early this morning entered the home of Mrs. Chas. Ebert, an old lady, who, fearing the Banks, had drawn out \$4000, and had secreted the sum in an old lounge in the dining room. The thieves had evidently found out that she had this sum hidden on the premises.—Chicago Record Herald.

THE STOCKING THE TIN CAN THE TRUNK

are out of date as a safe place to deposit your funds.
Deposit your money in this Bank for safe keeping

Bank of South San Francisco

P. N. LILIENTHAL, President. LEROY HOUGH, Vice Pres. C. F. HAMSHER, Cashier.

SOUTH CITY LOTS ARE SELLING FAST

Greater Part of Lots Sold by Peck & Garrett Were Purchased for Residence Purposes—Over 400 Sold in a Few Weeks.

List of Names With Number of Lots Purchased by Each—Does Not Include Names of Those Who Purchased Lots in Other Parts of South City During Same Period.

In order to show to the readers of THE ENTERPRISE that there has been considerable activity in realty sales in South City during the past few weeks, we have obtained from Messrs. Peck & Garrett a list of over 400 names of buyers of Peck's lots accompanied with number of lots each purchaser obtained. The lots are all in Peck's Subdivision 1.

The list does not include the names of those who have purchased lots in other parts of South City during the same period.

The greater part of the lots have been purchased for the purpose of building residences on. It is expected that forty or fifty new homes will be built in this subdivision before next Spring.

Following is the list with number of lots each buyer purchased:

Allen T. J., 2; Anderegg, Henry 2; Ackerman O. B. and Son, 4; Albrecht, Chas., 1.

Baird H. C., 1; Bannerman Elizabeth E., 2; Barnett Miss Eva, 1; Bayliss Edgar, 2; Brown Miss Desiree, 1; Beechle A. P., 2; Blest Chas. 2; Bergstrom Chas. O., 2; Bohlgen Jno. M., 2; Bresee Bros. Co., 3; Brough Bruce, 2; Brundage E. O., 1; Burnet Henry M., 2; Burnett R. O., 2; Butzer Elmer F., 1; Baxter S. C., 3; Bradford Frank, 3; Bradford W. E., 4; Ballantyne Homer S., 2; Brune Mrs. Henry A., 1; Brune Henry A., 1; Bloom Mrs. Rachel, 2; Banks Frank, 1.

Calais George, 2; Campbell James, 2; Capurro Mrs. E. M., 2; Caruahan Mrs. E. E., 1; Carr D. J., 2; Carson Edith, 1; Carson Williard C., 1; Cassen H. C., 2; Cummings David B., 4; Carson Mrs. W. M., 1; Childs Mrs. R. E., 1; Christner Mrs. Mary B., 1; Cooper E. T., 2; Crone Lucius W., 2; Collopy Wm., 1; Coffey Ezra M., 2; Chapman Geo., 1; Culberson C. E., 1.

Daleidon Joseph, 4; Dassel F. S., 5; David J. W., 1; Dehne Mrs. Bertha, 1; Deline Harvey A., 2; Detrick G. F., 1; DeHaven Lewis R., 1; Devitt Joseph, 2; Doolan Phillip, 1; Doing John, 1; Douglass T. J., 2; Du Puy Victor, 1; Dorr Louis, 1.

Evans Mrs. Harriet, 3; Eggerling Marie, 1; Englebright A. C., 3.

Ferguson August, 2; Fischer Edward J., 1; Fischer Julius, 2; Fleming Jno. B., 1; Fischer Mrs. E. J., 1; Franklin E. A., 4; Flockton B. C., 2; Fuller J. S., 2.

Galeno Oscar, 1; Goodhue C. H., 1; Goldberg Chas., 1; Gregson Jas. D., 2; Gross Otto, 2; Grover Jas. M., 2; Gentry, C. H., 4; Gant Jno. T., 1; Geldert W. R., 4; Getchell Mrs. Tillie, 1; Gentry Henry, 4; Goggin Hetty J., 2; Gutleben C. T., 1; Geldert C. H., 4; Gutleben Dan, 1; Gutleben J. S., 1.

Halling A., 1; Hammer Fred L., 2; Hamilton A. J., 1; Hamilton Miss Prudence A., 2; Heim Joseph, 4; Hannan Miss Rose, 1; Hendel Anton, 1; Hecker Jno. G., 2; Hildebrandt A. C., 2; Hurbace B. A., 1; Henrickson H., 1; Hornblower F. A., 1; Helpisch Carl, 4; Horan Johanna C., 2; Hornblower W. B., 1; Hartman Chas., 2;

SOUTH CITY SOON TO HAVE BETTER FIRE PROTECTION

Fire Commissioners Have Purchased a Two-Story Building on Linden Ave.

The South City Board of Fire Commissioners has purchased the two-story building, formerly occupied by Fonda, the plumber, on Linden Avenue, between Grand and Baden.

The first floor will be remodeled so as to be used to house the new hose cart and hook and ladder soon to arrive here. The upper floor will be leased out so as to bring in an income. It is expected that it will be used later for municipal purposes.

The building which was purchased for \$450 originally cost \$662. The fire commissioners made a good investment.

The present hose house will be moved to a lot on Aspen Avenue near Linden,

in the northern part of town. An additional hose house will be erected on the grammar school grounds on Grand Avenue.

The fire commissioners are organizing three companies in addition to the one now in existence.

Every effort is being made to have a volunteer fire department in South City second to none in California.

The fire commissioners are deserving of great credit for the energetic manner in which they are improving the fire facilities. By using good judgment they were able to purchase a \$2300 apparatus for \$1787.

South City will soon have what has been needed for some time—good fire protection.

Hartshorn Chas., 1; Harvey 2; Frank, Hagel Chas., 2; Halliday I., 2; Helme Ernest, 1; Henricksen S., 1; Hoare Miss E., 2.

Isbell W. L., 2. Jacobs Gus, 1; Jankowski Jos. B., 3; Jeans G. W., 2; Jones C. E., 2; Jones Roswell L., 2; Jensen Miss Hannah, 2; Jungst Chas. H., 1; Jess Carl, 5; Joiner Lewis, 1; Judah Floyd S., 1.

Kirch Mrs. G. A., 2; Kintz Chas., 2; Keller Frank, 2; Kapp Samuel S., 1; Kelly Chas., 2.

Landers James, 1; Lauriston A. Jr., 1; Lehning E. H., 1; Linderstrand Roger, 3; Lottritz Geo. H., 1; Linderstrand H. J., 1; Lucas W. A., 1; Lindsay James, 3; Lockyer Robert, 1; Landers Thomas, 1; Lavina Swan O., 1.

McManus Mrs. J. J., 3; McDonough L. J., 1; McCleary J. F., 3; McConnell Miss C. E., 1; McNellis H. F., 2; McVerry Mrs. K. R., 2; Mason Chas. 1; Miller Oscar E., 4; Mills, Mrs. F. G. B., 1; Mills Fred L., 1; Montgomery Mrs. Ada, 4; Mercer Daniel, 1; Moran Wm., 2; Marshall Mrs. Fannie, 3; Marshall David, 1; Morochoi Joe, 1; Montgomery Ed, 2; Mills Thaddeus, 2; Mallabar Geo., 1.

Newman Max, 1; Newhouse Mrs. Maude, 4; Newman Albertine, 1; Nelson Maurice, 2; Norwood T. A., 1.

O'Connor P. C., 2; O'Connell Seraph, 1.

Peterson John, 2; Potts Mrs. H. S., 1; Pidcock Frank H., 3; Piller Miss Isabella, 2; Plummer Miss Lois M., 1. Rademacher J. H., 2; Raggett James, 1; Raggett Martin, 1; Ransdell Chas. S., 2; Reed Mrs. Jean M., 1; Regan F. H., 1; Robinson R. C., 2; Rouse S. J., 1; Ramage James, 2; Rouse A. D., 1; Radcliffe Miss L. G., 2; Ritchie H. R., 2; Robert D., 1; Rogers H. B., and Roscoe A. S., 5.

Sachs Lester N., 1; Saunders D. E., 1; Schernstein Emil W., 1; Schirmer Arthur, 3; Schlager Harry C., 4; Schmidt Mrs. B., 1; Shafer V. A., 2; Shophofen Arthur, 4; Shophofen E., 2; Sidebotham Wm., 1; Somerville Hugh, 1; Skootsky David, 1; Smith Miss Augusta J., 2; Stantz Wm., 1; Stahl B. F., 2; Stenz Mrs. Monica, 3; Stewart Eliza J., 1; Stewart Wm. A., 1; Sunnyvale Land Co., 2; Swain Mrs. Minnie N., 2; Schernstein Karl, 2; Silvia J. D., 1; Sommerville Mrs. G., 1; Stinnett, R. T., 2; Stovall Byron, 3; Steinberger Fred, 4; Smith J. T., 4; Salcido Miss M. G., 1; Simonin Chas., 1; Sliter F. J., 2; Supple Jas., 2; Siegrist J. F., 2.

Tuite Miss Annie M., 1; Tanner Matthew T., 2; Tomkins Arthur F., 3; Trickey C. B., 1; Turpin Miss Clarel, 4; Taylor Mrs. C. B., 1; Tomkins Agnes B., 1.

Utterbach C. N., 1.

Wade Miss Emily L., 1; Wade Miss Janet, 2; Wade Miss Lucy, 1; Ward Frederick E., 2; Welbanks W., 3; Welby Vernon J., 1; Whitten A. A., 3; Wicklund Lars J., 1; Wilson W. A., 1; Witner S. C., 1; Wolf Mrs. Elizabeth, 2; Wolf F. W., 4; Wicklund E. W., 2; Whitlock J. H., 2; White Sadie A., 1; White A. H., 1.

Zoryscentin H., 2.

Let Us Have More Light.

South City should be better lighted at night. The long winter evenings will soon be here, and people will stay at home unless there is an improved light service. The business men of South City should make arrangements with the local electric light company to install enough lamps so there would be no dark places on the streets. South City is growing very rapidly, and it must keep up in the possession with other cities in light service.

FOR SALE—An up-to-date hotel of 28 rooms with liquor license. Hotel recently remodeled. Armour Hotel.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM & Co. of

Closing out our iron beds and mattresses at cost. W. C. Schneider. of

Drayage

—AND—

Expressage

Kauffmann Bros.

Light and Heavy Hauling promptly attended to. Baggage and Freight transferred to and from Railroads, Hotels, Residences, Etc., at reasonable rates.

CONNECTIONS WITH ALL TRAINS

Office: - With Wells, Fargo & Co. Phone. Main 224 Grand Ave.

POST OFFICE.

Post Office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M. Mails leave Post Office thirty minutes before trains.

NORTHBOUND DISPATCH.

6:45 A. M.
12:09 P. M.
5:22 P. M.

SOUTHBOUND DISPATCH.

6:15 A. M.
11:33 A. M.

MAILS RECEIVED FROM NORTH.

6:45 A. M.
12:03 P. M.
4:05 P. M.

MAILS RECEIVED FROM SOUTH.

12:39 P. M.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

NORTHBOUND TRAINS.

5:56 A. M.
7:17 A. M.

(Except Sunday)

9:26 A. M.
12:39 P. M.
4:47 P. M.
5:43 P. M.

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS.

6:45 A. M.
12:11 P. M.
3:50 P. M.
6:55 P. M.
8:44 P. M.
12:20 Theater Train.

COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge Superior Court..... G. H. Buck
Treasurer..... P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector..... C. L. McCracken
District Attorney..... J. J. Bullock
Assessor..... C. D. Hayward
County Clerk..... Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder..... John F. Johnson
Sheriff..... Robert Chatham
Auditor..... Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools..... Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Adm..... Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor..... James B. Neuman

Officials—First Township

Supervisor..... Julius Eikerenkötter
Justice of the Peace..... A. McSweeney
Constable..... Bob. Carroll
Postmaster..... E. E. Cunningham
School Trustees..... Tom Mason, Duray Smith

Grace Episcopal Church.

Sunday School..... 10 a. m.
Service of Holy Communion every third Sunday of each month at 11:15 a. m.

Grace Guild meets every alternate Friday for an all-day session at Guild Hall.

Junior Guild and sewing school meets every Saturday in Guild Hall at 2:00 p. m.

Mrs. W. J. Martin, President of Guild.

Mrs. Jennie P. Frost, Superintendent of Junior Guild.

St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church

(Cor. Grand and Maple Aves., one block from Post Office.)

Regular Sunday services—Sermons at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School classes for all ages at 10:00 a. m. Epworth League of C. E. at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer service Wednesday at 8 p. m. The public is made cordially welcome at all our services.

"A home-like church."

EDWIN D. KIZER, Pastor.

Subscribers, Attention!

As special inducement to increase the subscription list of THE ENTERPRISE the management has decided to offer at an additional cost of \$1.00 the Sunset Magazine for one year, together with the "Road of a Thousand Wonders" and the Town and Country Journal. Any one wishing these papers with THE ENTERPRISE can obtain them by paying \$3.00 in advance.

For Sale

A lodging house of 21 rooms, all newly furnished. (A five year's lease) for sale. Sickness cause of sale. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham & Co.

Have you noticed there are all kinds of fresh fruit and vegetables every day at Lind's Market. Nov. 2-1f

Subscribe for The Enterprise \$2 a year

RUM IN THE OLD DAYS

The Drinking Habit Not a Modern Invention—Some Royal Wine Bibbers.

Ancient Kings of Great Britain Who Suffered Through John Barleycorn. Awful Degradation of London in the Eighteenth Century.

When the Danes conquered England they discovered drinking among the Britons. An Englishman was forbidden to drink in the presence of a Dane without humbly asking and receiving permission. The penalty for a violation of this law was death, and so rigorously was it enforced that the timid English were afraid to drink even when leave had been granted unless the Danes gave them definite pledges that they would not be harmed. Thus arose the custom of drinking pledges.

Later on the English became heavy drinkers themselves, and at the time of the Norman invasion they were in the habit of giving great feasts, which lasted for weeks and at which every one got riotously drunk. King Edmund of England was given the name of Ironside on account of his remarkable staying qualities. It is said that he once drank two gallons of wine a day for thirty days. In the end he got into a row with one of his nobles and was stabbed to death.

After the conquest the invading Normans became pupils of the native British human oceans and soon became experts themselves. In the reign of King John, 140 years after William's landing, drunkenness was so general throughout England that it was necessary to appoint officers to regulate the sale of beer. Five days of every week the Britons worked. On the sixth they drank themselves under the table, and on the seventh they slept it off.

King Henry I was a celebrated wine bibber, and his son and heir was his faithful disciple. This young man was sent over to France to marry the daughter of the king of that country. On his way home he stocked his ship with hundreds of barrels of French wines. During the passage he tapped one of these barrels and distributed its contents among his sailors. The latter got so drunk that they ran the ship upon a submerged rock, and it went down with all hands.

This was an impressive temperance lesson, but the English didn't profit by it. Instead they drank more and more, and we read that a few years afterward the evening meal of the average nobleman consisted of a loaf of household bread, a gallon of beer and a quart of wine.

Everybody has heard of the great feast given by the Earl of Leicester to Queen Elizabeth. It lasted two weeks, and during that time 23,000 gallons of beer was consumed, not to speak of many hogsheads of wine. This was the era of England's pre-eminence in drinking. Some of her greatest practitioners had international reputations and ambitious amateurs came from all parts of Europe to witness their feats. Monday was the great drinking day. At one time, it was said, it was impossible to find twenty sober men in all England until late in the seventeenth century. The art of distillation had been practiced for ages, but the product of the still had been used not as a beverage, but as a medicine. It is said that the first whisky seen in London came from Ireland, where it was called usquebaugh or hulcaan.

During the reign of Philip and Mary so many moonshine stills were set up in Ireland that parliament took a hand in the matter. It was ordained that no one but gentlemen, peers and freeholders of property worth at least \$50—a large amount of money in those days—should be permitted to own distilleries.

An English traveler, writing in the year 1600, said that there were more saloons in Dublin than in any other city in the world. The Irish, he said, always got drunk at wakes, weddings and fairs. The English were not far behind them, and over on the continent alcohol was also making great headway. Here in America, too, drinking was becoming a popular sport.

In London during the early part of the eighteenth century the lower classes gave themselves up almost entirely to drinking. Taverns were on every corner, and the price of whisky was so low that even the most humble could enjoy his daily pot. An old no-

vice in the Gentleman's Magazine tells us that many taverns bore signs reading, "Drunk for a penny, dead drunk for twopence, clean straw for nothing!" Beneath each tavern was a cellar strewn with straw, upon which the patrons of the establishment took their ease and dreamed their feverish dreams. When a man got delirium tremens and began chasing snakes his fellow soaks would beat him into insensibility and throw him out to die.

In Scotland, too, the jug and the jag played havoc. The historian Dunlop tells of a remarkable case of drunkenness which came to his own knowledge. A dispute having arisen at a fair in Ayrshire, the disputants, both of whom were drunk, staggered to a nearby courthouse to have it settled. There they found the three judges dancing before the door, drunk as lords and stark naked.

In Germany at this time heavy drinkers were highly esteemed, and it became the custom at the universities to elect the most capacious student "beer king." This custom continued into our own time, and Prince Bismark, it is said, was "beer king" of all Germany in his youth.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Johnny Objected.

"Big Florrie' Sullivan," said a New York detective, "will be missed here, now that his health has gone back on him. But let us hope that he'll soon be restored to us alert as ever to fight against the cadet and other evils. Thank you, I will have one more, but make it short, please.

"Florrie Sullivan had many an adventure in the New York slums. Some of his adventures were dramatic, tragic; some were the reverse.

"Passing a mean little shanty in a horrible district one Sunday morning, Sullivan heard a loud yell:

"Murder! Murder! Help!"

"In his brave, generous way, never stopping to count the cost, he ran at full speed toward the sound. 'An old man's voice,' he muttered to himself, and then he shouted as he ran:

"Have no fear! Courage! I will assist you!"

"Murder! shrieked the voice again. "Sullivan reached the door and thundered on it with fists and feet. It opened, and a neat young woman appeared.

"What is the trouble that—' the man panted; but the young woman, smiling quietly, interrupted him.

"Oh, never mind at all, at all,' she said. 'Shure, an' they're only puttin' a clane shirt on ould Johnny.'"

\$25.00 REWARD

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company offers a reward of \$25.00 for information leading to the arrest and conviction of anybody injuring or tampering with the water meters of the Company.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND AND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY: jy20tf

FOR SALE CHEAP—New three room cottage.

E. E. Cunningham & Co. 1f

Prepare for the Cold Weather

A FULL LINE OF

Blankets and Comforters..

FROM \$1.00 UP

W. C. SCHNEIDER

227 Grand Avenue

South San Francisco

Stove Sale Off!!

Watch This Space!

Something new to offer next week

J. L. DEBENEDETTI

Leading, Most Modern and Oldest Established Merchandise Store

South San Francisco, Cal.

THE CELEBRATION

of the opening of the Bay Shore Cutoff will soon take place, and it would be advisable for you to lay in a stock of Stationery, such as Cards, Billheads, Circulars, etc.—particularly BUSINESS CARDS to hand visitors, to keep in their memory your line of business, name and address. Anything in the line of Printing can be done at home and at reasonable prices by the

South City Printing Company

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO CO.

To Manufacturers

The earthquake did but little damage to South San Francisco. The industries located here, the Western Meat Company, the Wool Pullery, the Butler Brick Company, the Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, the Steiger Pottery Works, the W. P. Fuller White Lead Works, and other enterprises, are all in full operation to-day. Not one of them having suffered any serious impairment by reason of the earthquake.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company planned South San Francisco as a manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. With that object in view they originally purchased 3500 acres of land in San Mateo county on the bay front five miles south of the City of San Francisco, and have developed their property so that to-day they possess perfected nearly every feature desired by manufacturers.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Is a railroad terminal; it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad and accessible to all railroads; has deep water communication; owns and operates for its industries, a railroad connecting with the Southern Pacific and the water front; has electric street car service from factory to town and direct to San Francisco; has an Electric Light and Power Company; owns an independent water works, and has an abundance of fresh water for factory and house; has wharves and docks; a perfect sewerage system; a bank; a town hall; and a population of 3000 people; an extensive and fine residence district, where workingmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FACTORY SITES

Can be obtained from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company on most reasonable terms.

The American Smelting and Refining Company recently purchased from this Company 200 acres of land and are on the ground to-day arranging for the immediate construction of a plant costing upward of \$5,000,000. This means a vast increase in population, and a great augmentation for the benefit of all industries of every detail pertaining to rail and water communication.

For Manufacturing Purposes South San Francisco Has No Equal on San Francisco Bay.

PARTIES DESIRING LOCATIONS SHOULD APPLY TO

**W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent, South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.
South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.**

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

SLAUGHTERERS OF

CATTLE
HOGS
SHEEP
and
CALVES

PACKERS OF THE

MONARCH
and
GOLDEN GATE
BRANDS

HAMS, BACON,
LARD AND
CANNED MEATS

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County, - - - - - California

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY LETTER

MILLION FOR MAGNIFICENT LIBRARY.

Berkeley, November 13th.—Work is well under way on the campus for the Library Building of the Greater University, which is to cost in the neighborhood of one million dollars. Already the foundations are nearly completed, and a large force of men is at work daily. The Doe Memorial Library will be a building 220 by 265 feet; fire-proof, and built of granite and steel. The entire building, when completed, will house about one million volumes, which will mostly be placed in a great central stack 105 feet square, having a roof almost entirely of glass. The building will be arranged to house a bindery and a library school, in addition to all of the usual working departments. It is proposed to install a system of carrying books by pneumatic tubes or mechanical carriers from the stack to the delivery desk. The University has come into possession of the money for the building of this magnificent structure through the will of the late Charles Franklin Doe of San Francisco.

STRONG DEMAND FOR ENGINEERS.

The Civil Engineering Department is keeping in as close touch as possible with its graduates. The custom has now been established whereby alumni of the Civil Engineering College send communications to the Dean. In these communications information is given of the type of engineering work with which the correspondent is connected. Particular construction problems are described, photographs of engineering interest are sent and often sets of blue-prints and museum specimens are received. In this way the department is collecting valuable material for its library and a substantial history of graduate activity is being accumulated. Within the last three weeks word has been received from a number of recent graduates, and from their statements it is plain that they are doing well and that they are representing the University of California in a substantial and honorable manner. Despite the existence at the present time of a financial stringency, our graduates appear to have no difficulty in securing and holding good positions.

FOOTBALL SEASON ENDED.

Although the University of California was defeated on last Saturday by Stanford University by the score of 21 to 11 the California students seem to be undaunted and as full of spirit and determined as ever. On Monday morning they gathered a thousand strong on the Gymnasium steps for a half hour to cheer their team, coach, and trainer, and to express their confidence in the ability of California to do better next year. The football season is over, and the excitement has died down, and those wise in the game are now trying to figure the possibilities for next year. From all accounts California's prospects do not seem in the least blue. Sixteen veterans will be on hand to try for the team besides other material which may develop. The past season has been entirely satisfactory in every way, and no one has anything else than words of praise for the good work done by the representatives of California on last Saturday.

AWARDED A PRIZE.

C. F. Hamsher, the new cashier of the Bank of South San Francisco, received a letter Monday from the Northwestern Banker of Des Moines, Iowa, advising him that he had been awarded the second prize of \$25 in their contest just closed, for the best articles on "How to Advertise a Country Bank." Mr. Hamsher comes to us with the reputation of being a hustler for business, and we trust his efforts to build up our bank in South City will meet with success. We call attention of our readers to the advertisement of the bank on the front page, and which is to be changed each week.

Our holiday goods will soon be on display. W. C. Schneider. if

LET HOBOS DO ROAD WORK.

California is the ideal winter country for the hobo. Even now he is wending his way from the inclement middle west to the sunlit clime of the Golden State. Every winter we have an influx of this undesirable class.

The tramp hates two things, work and soap, and it is a question which of the two he dislikes most. If we would be rid of the tramp, we can do so by putting him to work. Making good roads is especially his forte, and if anything will do the business of clearing the state of this nasty element, work will. California has an unlimited amount of roads to make and help is scarce; why not utilize this tourist class for improving the streets in town and the country? Instead of merely locking tramps in the calaboose, where they get board and lodging free of charge, put them at work in gangs on the roads. The money appropriated by the state will not be sufficient to make all the roads that have been mapped out and a few days of good hard work extracted from every tramp that happens along will go a long way towards getting the highways into shape. It will also have the effect of making the "walking tourists" give the state wide berth in their future peregrinations. If country sheriffs and their deputies and the city marshals would go out into the highways and byways and corral all the tramps they can find, our roads will be improved and at the same time the communities will be rid of an undesirable class. The experiment has been tried in several states with excellent results.—California Cultivator.

The Reward of Politeness.

President Harahan of the Illinois Central at a dinner in New York compared foreign with home roads.

"And another thing," he said—"our railway servants are more courteous than foreign ones. Foreign porters and ticket sellers are a very crusty lot.

"An American and a Briton were once riding up to London in a first class carriage. The American, at a certain station, leaned out and said to the porter on the platform:

"What station is this, brother?"

"Birmingham, of course," said the porter in a surly tone. "Can't you see the name posted up?"

"The American, after drawing in his head, said to the Englishman:

"Now that was a piece of discourtesy you wouldn't meet with in America. An American porter would have answered me with polished politeness."

"The Englishman smiled.

"Ah, but it was your own fault, that rebuff," he said. "Pardon me for mentioning it, but your manner was too bluff, too rough-and-ready. The porter took you for a—er—a bounder. Now, at the next station, I will myself ask a porter some question, and, I'll ask it in the gracious, condescending way we do such things over here. I warrant you I'll receive the most courteous answers."

"All right," said the American shortly, a little hurt at having been mistaken for a bounder.

"Well, at the next station the carriage drew up near a porter, and the Englishman—he was a typical, rotund, rosy old John Bull—put his head out of a window, showed all his false teeth in a glittering smile, and purred:

"Porter, would you kindly tell me the name of this station?"

"The porter glanced up, and then, as he slouched off, called back over his shoulder.

"Ah, shut tha trap, tha bacon-faced old buffer! Put tha daft fat head in before I knock it off for thee."

Old Merchant: "Before I answer your request for my daughter's hand, permit me to ask what is your yearly income, sir?"

Young Officer: "All told it amounts to £800."

Old Merchant: "H'm! To that would be added the interest at 3 per cent on the sum of £20,000 that I intended to give my daughter for her dowry."

Young Officer: "Well—the fact is, I have taken the liberty of including that in the calculation just submitted."

"Halloa! Where are you going to with that large wreath of flowers?"

"I am going to put it on my wife's first husband's grave. Oh, you needn't look at me like that! I am sorry he died, right enough."

CALIFORNIA INVENTORS.

The following patents were issued this week to California inventors reported by D. Swift & Co., patent lawyers, Washington, D. C.: J. J. Baird, Los Angeles, rug turving machine; G. O. Beem, Los Angeles, automatic inkfont for printing presses; B. W. Cochran, Los Angeles, printing telegraph; H. A. Dewing, San Buenaventura, indicator for typewriting machines; G. W. Durbrow, Indio, submerged filter; V. V. Hawley, Acampo, gage; V. C. Howe, San Francisco, means for connecting flue sections; L. P. Lowe, San Francisco, gas-making apparatus; A. F. Martel, Chittenden, device for delivering mail bags; J. M. McKnight, Ruth, horseshoe calk; W. L. Morrow, Stockton, gas engine; J. M. Patterson, Los Angeles, wrapping machine; W. S. Peacock, Selma, collar stiffener; A. S. Pearce, San Juan, wrench; E. V. Rideout, San Francisco, gang plank; M. Rubin, San Diego, drawer guide; A. Yankee, San Francisco, automatic gas governor and street pressurizer. Copies of any of the above patents will be furnished to our readers at ten cents each by D. Swift & Co., Washington, D. C., our special patent correspondents.

Burlingame to Incorporate.

The necessary number of names have been obtained on a petition at Burlingame asking the County Board of Supervisors to declare that place an incorporated city.

Prof. Chas. W. Faits, assisted by his company in their wonderful demonstrations of hypnotism and modern spiritualism will again appear at Metropolitan Hall on next Monday and Tuesday evenings. There will also be illustrated songs and many Pacific Coast views, with lectures. Admission prices will be, adults 25 cents, reserved seats 35 cents, children 15 cents.

"I say," said the business man to the detective, "some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He has been getting in more money than any two of the men we have, and I want him caught as quickly as you can."

"All right; I'll have him in prison in less than a week."

"Great Scot, man! I don't want to put him in prison. I want to engage him!"

\$50 REWARD.

Sheriff Chatham, of this county, offers a reward for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who waylaid and murdered James C. Jones, better known as Deacon Jones, on November 10th last, at Visitation Valley.

Choice broilers, fryers and young roosters at George L. Perham's roost, Baden Station. jy20tf

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BAY SHORE DISTRICT

Barb-Wire Fences.

The several complaints in regard to barbed-wire fences that were filed with the Visitation Valley Improvement Club were taken up and discussed at the last business meeting. It appears that not only do the property owners appropriate unlawfully barbed wire for fence use, but carelessly allow large strands of the wire to become entangled on the streets. The secretary was ordered to request the captain of police of this district to see that the patrolmen enforce the ordinance regulating fences.

Work on Double Track.

General Manager Black of the United Railroads has kept his word with the Improvement Clubs of the South End district. Work of constructing a double-track system on Railroad Avenue, south of Sixteenth avenue, to the Five-mile House, has been resumed. Three blocks of rails have been laid. It is expected that the line will be in operation by December 1, 1907.

First Christening.

The first christening in the new Church of the Visitation was performed Sunday by Rev. Father McNaboe. The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly was baptized. The sponsors were Mr. F. Eppinger and Mrs. R. B. Hutchison.

Want Better School Facilities.

Visitation Valley has petitioned the Board of Education for better school facilities.

Masquerade Ball.

No expense will be spared in the selection of the prizes to be given at the coming masquerade ball of the Visitation Valley Improvement Club. The ladies are planning some striking costumes.

P. J. Healy, representing the Mission Promotion Association, visited the

Reis Tract and adjacent territory in the interest of the movement started by the association to establish a side hill reservoir water cistern for fire-fighting purposes. Mr. Healy was accompanied through the district by G. W. Roundey and E. A. Eaton, who pointed out to him the various points of interest. Mr. Healy was some time ago made head of the committee of the Mission Promotion Association that has the side hill reservoir site project in hand.

The site of the Bay Shore Water Company's reservoir, which is situated at the highest point of the Reis Tract, was visited, and Mr. Healy was much impressed with the advantage of the site. He will recommend that it be secured by the city and utilized as a side hill water cistern, the plan of which is about ready to be presented to the Board of Supervisors.

Hallowe'en Party.

The Visitation Valley Improvement Club informally entertained its friends Hallowe'en night. The pumpkin was much in evidence in the decorations, while the black cat looked on in defiance.

A Hallowe'en punch was served with assorted cakes and apples to the grown folks. The children scrambled for peanuts, dived for apples, ate cakes and drank soda water.

Twelve prizes were distributed to the winners of the different games. Richard Plamondon won first prize untangling the tiny cobweb. Miss Gladys Russell won a prize in musical chairs. Willie Nutter, E. Gorse and Johnny Russell each won a prize diving for apples. Miss Justine Corse challenged H. Dowdall and lost. Mrs. R. B. Rutchison challenged Mr. Wilson of Wilde Avenue and lost also. The same old story—the men "took the apple."

Every one had a merry time. Even the most staid and dignified members entered into the games with hearty enjoyment. The Improvement Club intends to entertain every month hereafter.

GOOD NEWS!

We are making loans again, on easy monthly payments, to Home-Builders in the BAY SHORE DISTRICT.

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BRIEF AND BREEZY

Some persons believe that, in addition to ejecting venom through their fangs, rattlesnakes have the power to throw off poisonous dust. Some persons, it is claimed, are able even to smell a snake some distance away.

President Roosevelt has issued an order setting aside the Devil's Tower, a peculiar geographical formation in northeastern Wyoming, as a national monument and a Federal reserve, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Nearly 2,000 acres of land are set aside with the Tower. This reserve will be under the care of the general land office of that district, no entries will be allowed on it and every effort will be made to protect the tower from injury.

The Devil's Tower is a chimney-like mountain of rock that rises 800 feet above the surrounding country and for almost 500 feet is nearly perpendicular and devoid of any growth of vegetation. The top of the tower is large enough in area for a baseball team to play a good game and is covered with a scant soil formed from the disintegrated rock and bearing moss, cactus and ferns.

Two men are known to have climbed this tower at the risk of their lives. One of them was Jack Rogers, an old cowboy, and the other was Arthur Jobe, a young engineer for the Homestake Mining Company.

The tower stands on the bank of the of the upper Belle Fourche River and has been for years one of the landmarks of the country. It was at one time included in an entry made by Miss Kent, an English woman, who filed on a homestead including this mountain. The entry afterward was canceled.

And now it is whispered about in Spain, that King Alfonso is a sadly henpecked husband. Wouldn't it be too bad should his Majesty prove to be a mere royal mollycoddle?

Mr. Root will also be expected to find out what sort of a game of tennis President Diaz plays.

A West Virginia man says he will run for governor "just to please his wife." That is very nice of him, to be sure, but he need never expect to finish explaining it if he fails to land the office.

Suppose, after all, it transpires that bears do not live in canebrakes anyhow?

The Bishop of London thinks football a great game, and warmly praised it to the president of Harvard University. The more we hear of that reverend gentleman, the more firmly convinced we become that Mr. Roosevelt never had any show in that tennis game from the very beginning.

It may be expected that Rhode Island will, as usual, provide the Thanksgiving dinner at the White House without any interference from Louisiana.

America has managed to put up with so many anarchists that it seems unreasonable for Europe to object to a few Mormons.

Nowadays, a new steamship that does not break a record, is considered a failure.

The Washington Star is not far wrong when it says that "It is getting so that magazine articles read like speeches and speeches read like magazine articles."

The President has killed a deer. The animal crossed the valiant hunter's path under the impression, perhaps, that when it was announced the search was for bears, all other animals were to have immunity paths.

The President must have credit for refraining from saying how much more pleasure it would be to hunt Indians.

The Alton Railroad by this time has come to the conclusion that even in the matter of rebates it is more blessed to give than to receive.

A Ready Reckoner.

"What have you had, sir?"
"Soup, a chop, and potatoes," replied the guest. "Soup, a chop, and potatoes two-and-three. Any stout?"
"Yes," the guest would reluctantly admit. "I had a glass or two of stout."

"Two stouts is eight, soup, chop, and potatoes three-and-two, and eight is four-and-four," said Skinner, with the rapidity of a calculating boy.

"Any brandy, whisky?"
"Here the guest would hesitate, and then it occurred to him that he had had two glasses of whisky.

"And water?" demanded Skinner, severely, as if it were no good attempting to deceive him.

"Yes, and water," replied the guest, quite alarmed at his questioner's intimate knowledge of his doings.

Skinner went ahead faster than ever. "Soup, chop, and potatoes, four-and-three; two stouts, eight, five-and-four, and," as an afterthought, "any bread?"

"No," the victim would reply triumphantly, as though he had him there, and he was wrong for once. "No, no bread."

"No bread, echoed Skinner, "that's nine-and-two exactly. Half a sovereign? Thank you, sir, much obliged. Good night sir," and the guest was pushed forward by the eager crowd of customers waiting to settle with the indefatigable Mr. Skinner.

Mistress—Norah, I told you to give that man with the hand organ a quarter to go down to the next block and grind his machine in front of Mrs. Upps-Tart's house—and he's out here on our sidewalk again!

Norah—Yim, mum. He says th' leddy in th' next block gave 'im half a dollar to come back here, mum.

"I'll have some poached eggs this morning," said the thespian, as he seated himself at the breakfast table.

"Very sorry, sah," replied the dusky waiter, "but our eggs won't poach."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, sah, you see, dis is a 'dog town,' where, de theater folks comes to try dere plays, and consumently de condition of de eggs is such as to evade poachin', sah."—Yonkers Statesman.

Drummer—So you always have a ready saie for canned vegetables, eh?
Storekeeper Jason—By heck, yes. All the farmers around here are these here "gentlemen farmers" who attended agriculture senools in town.—Chicago News.

She of '08—Now that you are through, do you honestly believe that a college education helped you?

He of '06—It helped me! Well, yesterday I signed a contract to coan the Montbraska university football team for a period of five years.—Puck.

The President's poor luck in Louisiana is likely to make the trust fear that he will come home in the mood to once more give the hard-working millionaires the "benefit of both barrels."

Prof. Cabot of Harvard, has resigned his pastorage to devote his entire time to golf. Probably his church duties kept him from playing on Sunday.

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The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Mandarin's Fan," Etc.

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"Stowley?" echoed Mrs. Krill.

don't know why. He said nothing."

Again Mrs. Krill's face, in spite of her care, showed a sense of relief at his ignorance. "But I must get back to my story," she said in a hard tone. "We have to leave soon. I ran away with Lemuel, who was then traveling with jewelry. He knew a good deal about jewelry, you know, which he turned to account in his pawnbroking."

"Yes, and amassed a fortune thereby."

"I should never have credited him with so much sense," said Mrs. Krill contemptuously. "While at Christchurch he was nothing but a drunkard, whining when sober and a furious beast when drunk. I managed all the house and looked after my little daughter. Lemuel led me a dog's life, and we quarreled incessantly. At length, when Maud was old enough to be my companion, Lemuel ran away. I kept on the Red Pig and waited for him to return. But he never came back, and for over twenty years I heard nothing of him till I saw the handbills and his portrait and heard of his death. Then I came to see Mr. Pash, and the rest you know."

"But why did he run away?" asked Paul.

"I suppose he grew weary of the life and the way I detested him," was her reply. "I don't wonder he ran away. But there, I have told you all, so make what you can of it. Tell Miss Norman of my offer and make her see the wisdom of accepting it. And now"—she rose and held out her hand—"I must run away. You will call and see us? Mr. Hay will give you the address."

"What's that?" said Hay, leaving the card table. "Does Beecot want your address? Certainly." He went to a table and scribbled on a card. "There you are. Hunter street, Kensington, No. 32A. Do come, Beecot. I hope soon to call on your services to be my best man," and he cast a coldly loving look on Maud, who simply smiled as usual.

By this time the card party had broken up. Maud had lost a few pounds and Lord George a great deal. But Miss Qian and Hay had won.

"What luck?" groaned the young lord. "Everything seems to go wrong with me."

"Stop, and we'll try another game when the ladies have gone," suggested Hay, his impassive face lighting up, "then Beecot."

"I must go," said the young gentleman, who did not wish to be called upon as a witness in a possible card scandal.

"And I'll go, too," said Lord George. "Whenever I play with you, Hay, I always seem to lose."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Grexon fiercely.

"Oh, he doesn't mean anything," said Miss Qian sweetly and putting her cloak around her. "Mr. Beecot, just take me to my cab."

"I'll take you to your carriage," said Hay, offering an arm to Mrs. Krill, which she accepted graciously.

Lord George followed, grumbling, with the ever smiling Maud. Miss Qian skipped into a hansom and offered Paul a drive back to town, which he refused. As the cab was driving off, she bent down and whispered, "Be careful," with a side glance at Hay.

Paul laughed. Every one seemed to doubt Hay. But that gentleman handed Mrs. Krill and her daughter into their carriage and looked toward Lord George. "You don't want your revenge tonight?" he asked.

"No, confound you!" said the young man sulkily.

"In that case I'll drive into Kensington with Mrs. Krill and borrow her carriage for a trip to Piccadilly. Good night, Sandal. Good night, Beecot."

He waved his hand, and the ladies waved theirs, and then the three drove away. Lord George lighted a cigar and, putting his arm within that of

about us. My husband's real name was Lemuel Krill, and he married me thirty years ago. I will be frank with you and admit that neither of us were gentlemen. We kept a public house on the outskirts of Christchurch, in Hants, called the Red Pig." She looked anxiously at him as she spoke.

"A strange name."

"Have you never heard of it before?"

"No. Had I heard the name it would have remained in my memory from its oddity."

Paul might have been mistaken, but Mrs. Krill certainly seemed relieved, yet if she had anything to conceal in connection with the Red Pig why should she have mentioned the name?

"It is not a first class hotel," she went on smoothly and again with her false smile. "We had only farm laborers and such like as customers, but the custom was good, and we did very well. Then my husband took to drink."

"In that respect he must have changed," said Paul quickly. "for all the time I knew him—six months it was—I never saw him the worse for drink, and I certainly never heard from those who would be likely to know that he indulged in alcohol to excess. All the same," added Paul, with an after thought of his conversation with Sylvia in the Embankment garden, "I fancied from his pale face and shaking hands and a tightness of the skin that he might drink."

"Exactly. He did. He drank brandy in large quantities, and, strange to say, he never got drunk."

"What do you mean exactly?" asked Beecot curiously.

"Well," said Mrs. Krill, biting the top of her fan and looking over it, "Lemuel—I'll call him by the old name—never grew red in the face, and, even after years of drinking, he never showed any signs of intemperance. Certainly his hands would shake at times, but I never noticed particularly the tightness of the skin you talk of."

"A certain shiny look," explained Paul.

"Quite so. I never noticed it. But he never got drunk so as to lose his head or his balance," went on Mrs. Krill, "but he became a demon."

"A demon?"

"Yes," said the woman emphatically, "as a rule he was a timid, nervous little man, like a frightened rabbit, and would not harm a fly. But drink, as you know, changes a nature to the contrary of what it actually is."

"I have heard that."

"You would have seen an example in Lemuel," she retorted. "When he drank brandy, he became a king, a sultan. From being timid he became bold; from not harming any one he was capable of murder. Often in his fits did he lay violent hands on me. But I managed to escape. When sober he would moan and apologize in a provokingly tearful manner. I hated and despised him," she went on, with flashing eyes, but careful to keep her voice from reaching the gamblers. "I was a fool to marry him. My father was a farmer, and I had a good education. I was attracted by the good looks of Lemuel and ran away with him from my father's farm in Buckinghamshire."

"That's where Stowley is," murmured Paul.

"Stowley?" echoed Mrs. Krill, whose ears were very sharp. "Yes, I know that town. Why do you mention it?"

"The opal serpent brooch with which your husband's lips were fastened was pawned there."

"I remember," said Mrs. Krill calmly. "Mr. Pash told me. It has never been found out how the brooch came to fasten the lips—so horrible it was!" She shuddered.

"No. My father bought the brooch from the Stowley pawnbroker and gave it to my mother, who sent it to me. When I had an accident I lost it, but who picked it up I can't say."

"The assassin must have picked it up," declared Mrs. Krill decisively, "else it would not have been used in that cruel way, though why such a brooch should have been used at all I can't understand. I suppose my husband did not tell you why he wanted to buy the brooch?"

"Who told you that he did?" asked Paul quickly.

"Mr. Pash. He told me all about the matter, but not the reason why my husband wanted the brooch."

"Pash doesn't know," said Beecot, "nor do I. Your husband fainted when I first showed him the brooch, but I

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

I. Paul Beecot, son of wealthy parents, leaves his home in the country owing to the tyranny of his father and goes to London to make his way as a writer of stories. He meets Grexon Hay, an old school friend. Paul has a peculiar opal brooch fashioned in the shape of a serpent. Hay appears to be anxious to buy it.

II. Paul falls in love with Sylvia Norman, the daughter of Aaron Norman, a London bookseller and pawnbroker. Paul offers to pawn the opal brooch with Norman, but the latter falls in a faint when he sees the jewel.

III and IV. Mrs. Beecot, who gave the opal serpent to her son Paul, writes him that her husband had obtained the brooch at a pawnshop in Stowley, and that subsequently the pawnbroker had tried to set it back, saying that the pledge had called for it. Paul, injured by being run over by an automobile, having stumbled in front of it as the result of Hay's falling against him.

V, VI and VII. Paul has lost the serpent in the automobile accident. An East Indian named Hoker visits Norman's store and leaves on the counter a small pile of brown sugar. Aaron Norman is murdered in the store that night, and his lips are found pinned together with the opal brooch.

VIII and IX. It develops that the opal serpent brooch had been pawned in Stowley twenty years before by a sailor. Aaron Norman's will devises everything to "my daughter." The will is signed "Lemuel Krill," which, it turns out, was Norman's right name.

X. A woman, with her daughter, Maud, appears. She announces that they are the wife and daughter respectively of Lemuel Krill and claim the fortune, thus casting a shadow upon Sylvia Norman's legitimacy.

XI, XII and XIII.—Paul Beecot and Detective Hurd of Scotland Yard set to work to find the murderer of Aaron Norman, alias Krill. Hurd suspects Hay, who is a shady character. Hay invites Paul to dinner at his rooms, and there Paul learns that Hay is to marry Maud Krill.

XIV and XV.—Mrs. Krill offers Paul an annuity if he will marry Sylvia and leave England forever. It is learned that Mrs. Krill had for many years been the proprietress of an inn called the Red Pig, at which twenty years before Lady Rachel Sandal, who was wearing the opal serpent brooch at the time, was murdered by strangulation. Maud had made so much noise on that occasion that Lemuel Krill (Aaron Norman) had silenced her by pinning her lips together with the opal brooch. Lemuel had then fled.

(Continued)

"But you have the right since you are to be her husband."

"Pardon me, no. I would never take such a responsibility on me. I shall tell Miss Norman what you say and convey her answer to you."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Krill graciously. But she was annoyed that her golden bait had not been taken immediately, and in spite of her suavity Paul could see that she was annoyed, the more so when she began to explain. "Of course you understand my feelings."

"I confess I don't quite. Naturally the fact that you are connected with the murder in the public eyes—"

"Pardon me," said the woman swiftly, "but I am not. The name of Krill has hardly been noticed. The public know that Aaron Norman was murdered. No one talks of Lemuel Krill or thinks that I am the widow of the murdered man. Possibly I may come across some people who will connect the two names and look askance at me, but the majority of people—such as Lord George there"—she pointed with her fan—"do not think of me in the way you say. As he did, they will think they remember the name."

"Did Lord George say that to you?" said Paul swiftly.

"No. But he did to Mr. Hay, who told me," rejoined Mrs. Krill quite as swiftly.

"To-night?" asked Beecot, remembering that Hay had not spoken privately to Mrs. Krill since they came in from the dining room.

"Oh, no—on another occasion. Lord George has several times said that he has a faint recollection of my name. Possibly the connection between me and the murder may occur to his mind, but he is really so very stupid that I hope he will forget all about the matter."

"I wonder you don't change your name," said Paul, looking at her.

"Certainly not, unless public opinion forces me to change it," she said defiantly. "My life has always been perfectly open and aboveboard, not like that of my husband."

"Why did he change his name?" asked Beecot eagerly—too eagerly, in fact, for she drew back.

"Why do you ask?" she inquired coldly.

Paul shrugged his shoulders. "An idle question, Mrs. Krill. I have no wish to force your confidence."

"There is no forcing in the matter," responded the woman. "I have taken quite a fancy to you, Mr. Beecot, and you shall know what I do."

"Pray do not tell me if you would rather not."

"But I would rather," said Mrs. Krill bluntly. "It will prevent your misconception of anything you may hear

Beecot, strolled down the road. "Come to my club," he said.

"No, thank you," answered Paul politely; "I must get home."

"But I wish you'd come. I hate being by myself, and you seem such a good sort of chap."

"Well," said Beecot, thinking he might say a word in season to this young fool, "I don't gamble."

"Oh, you cry down that, do you?" "Well, I think it's foolish."

"It is," assented Lord George frankly, "infernally foolish. And Hay has all the luck. I wonder if he plays square."

This was dangerous ground, and Paul shied. "I really can't say," he said coldly. "I don't play cards."

"But what do you know of Hay?" asked Sandal.

"Only that he was at school with me at Torrington. We met by accident the other day, and he asked me to dinner."

"Torrington? Yes, I had a brother at that school once," said Lord George, "but you and Hay wouldn't get on well together, I should think. You're straight, and he's—"

"You forget we have been dining with him," said Paul quickly.

"What of that? I've dined often and have paid pretty dearly for the privilege. I must have lost at least five thousand to him within the last few months."

"In that case I should advise you to play cards no more. The remedy is easy," said Paul dryly.

"It isn't so easy to leave off cards," rejoined Sandal gloomily. "I'm that fond of gambling that I only seem to live when I've got the cards or dice in my hand. I suppose it's like dram drinking."

"If you take my advice, Lord George, you'll give up card playing."

"With Hay, do you mean?" asked the other shrewdly.

"With any one. I know nothing about Hay beyond what I have told you."

"Humph!" said Sandal. "I don't think you're a chap like him at all. I may look a fool, but I ain't, and can see through a brick wall same as most Johnnies."

"Who can't see at all," interpolated Paul dryly.

"Ha, ha! That's good! But, I say, about this Hay, what a queer lot he had there tonight!"

"I can't discuss that," said Paul stiffly. He was not one to eat a man's bread and salt and then betray him.

Sandal went on as though he hadn't heard him. "That actress is a jolly little woman," said he. "I've seen her at the Frivolity—a ripping fine singer and dancer, she is. But those other ladies?"

"Mrs. and Miss Krill."

The young lord stopped short in the High street. "Where have I heard that name?" he said, looking up to the stars. "Somewhere—in the country, maybe. I go down sometimes to the hall—my father's place. I don't suppose you'd know it. It's three miles from Christchurch."

"In Hants?" said Paul, feeling he was on the verge of a discovery.

"Yes. Have you been there?"

"No, but I have heard of the place. There's a hotel there called the Red Pig, which I thought—"

"Ha!" cried young Sandal, stopping again, and with such a shout that passersby thought he was drunk. "I remember the name. The Red Pig! A woman called Krill kept that."

"She can hardly be the same," said Paul, not wishing to betray the lady.

"No; I guess not. She'd hardly have the cheek to sit down with me if she did. But Krill! Yes, I remember—my aunt, you know."

"Your aunt?"

"Yes," said Sandal impatiently; "she was murdered or committed suicide in that Red Pig place—Rachel Sandal, with her unlucky opals."

"Her unlucky opals! What do you mean?"

"Why, she had a serpent set with opals she wore as a brooch, and it brought her bad luck."

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was close upon midnight when Paul reached his garret. Sandal drove him in a hansom as far as Piccadilly circus, and from that place Beecot walked through Oxford street to Bloomsbury. He had not been able to extract further information of any importance from the young lord. It appeared that Lady Rachel Sandal, in love with an inferior, had quarreled with her father and had walked to Christchurch one night, with the intention of joining the man she wished to marry in London. But the night was stormy, and Lady Rachel was a frail woman. She took refuge in the Red Pig, intending to go the next morning, but during the night she was found strangled in the bedroom she had hired. Sandal could give no details, as the events happened before he was born, and he had only heard scraps of the dreadful story.

"Some people say Lady Rachel was murdered," explained Sandal, "and others that she killed herself. But the opal brooch, which she wore, certainly

disappeared. But there was such a scandal over the affair that my grandfather hushed it up. I can't say exactly what took place. But I know it happened at a small pub kept by a woman called Krill. Do you think this woman is the same?"

"It's hardly likely," said Paul mendaciously. "How could a woman who kept a small public house become suddenly rich?"

"True," answered Lord George as they stopped in the circus, "and she'd have let on she knew about my name had she anything to do with the matter. All the same, I'll ask her."

"Do so," said Paul, stepping out of the cab. He was perfectly satisfied that Mrs. Krill was quite equal to deceiving Sandal. The wonder was that she had not held her peace to him about the Red Pig.

"You won't come on to my club?" asked Sandal, leaning out of the cab.

"No, thank you," replied Paul. "Good night." And he walked away.

The fact is Beecot wished to put on paper all that he had heard that night and send it to Hurd. As soon as he reached his attic he set to work and wrote out a detailed account of the evening.

"You might find out if Lady Rachel committed suicide or whether she was strangled by some one else," ended Beecot. "Certainly the mention of the serpent brooch is curious. This may be the event in Norman's past life which led him to change his name."

Paul wrote much more and then went out to post the letter. It was after midnight when he did, so there was not much chance of Hurd getting the letter before the second or third post the next day. But Paul felt that he had done his duty and had supplied the information as speedily as possible, so he went to sleep with a quiet mind, in spite of the excitement of the evening. But next morning he was unable to sit down to his desk as usual and felt disinclined to go to the newspaper office, so he walked to Jubilee town to see how Sylvia was getting along. Deborah met him at the gate.

"Well, I never, Mr. Beecot!" said Mrs. Tawsey, with her red arms akimbo in her usual attitude. "This is a sight for sore eyes. Won't my pretty be 'appy this day, say what you may! She's a-makin' out bills fur them as 'ad washin' done, bless her 'eart for a clever beauty."

"How is business?" asked Paul, entering the gate which Deborah opened.

"Bless you, Mr. Beecot, I'll be a lady of fortune soon," answered the proprietress of the laundry. "The way washing 'ave come in is jest amazin'. One 'ud think folk never 'ad no linen done up afore an' that they never did 'ave," said Deborah, rubbing her nose hard, "in my way, which is a way. If you'd only send along your shirts, Mr. Beecot, I'd be proud to show you what can be done with fronts, an' no thumb nails down them to spile their loveliness."

Paul did not reply to this, but laughed absently. He was wondering if Deborah had ever heard her master drop any hint as to his having come from the place where Mrs. Krill resided and asked the question on the spur of the moment.

"Do you know Christchurch, in Hants?"

Deborah rubbed her nose harder and looked at him doubtfully.

"Me as said as I'd no relatives must tell the truth now, as I 'ave," said she rather incoherently, "for my sister, Tilly Junk, worked for some one in that there place for years. But we never got on well, she bein' upsettin' an' masterful, so arsk her to my weddin' I didn't, an' denied relatives existin', which they do, she bein' alive ten years ago, when she larst wrote."

"You have not heard from her since?" asked Paul inquisitively.

"Sir, you may burn me or prison me or put me in pillories," said Mrs. Tawsey, "but deceive you I won't. Me an' Tilly, not bein' of 'appy matchin', don't correspond. We're Londin' both," exclaimed Deborah, "father 'avin' bin a 'awker, but why she went to the country or why I stopped in Gwynne street no one knows. And may I arsk, Mr. Beecot, why you arsk of that place?"

"Your late master came from Christchurch, Mrs. Tawsey. Did you never hear him mention it?"

"That I never did, for close he was, Mr. Beecot, say what you like. I never knowed but what he'd pawned and sold them bookses all his blessed life, for all the talkin' he did. If I'd ha' knowed," added Deborah, lifting her red finger, "as he'd bin married afore and intended to cast out my lovely queen I'd ha' strangled him myself."

"He had no intention of casting out Sylvia," said Paul musingly; "he certainly left the money to her."

"Then why 'ave that other got it?"

"Sylvia's name wasn't mentioned, and Miss Krill is legally entitled as the legitimate daughter."

"Call her what you like, she's a cat, as her mother is afore her," said Mrs. Tawsey indignantly, "and not young at that. Thirty and over, as I'm a livin' woman."

To be continued.

Back numbers of this thrilling story can be obtained at the Business Office.

SOUTH CITY

— SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO —

12 Minutes from Third and Townsend Streets . . 32 Trains a Day

The New Bay Shore Cut-off will open in December, and then the BOOM. Get in on the ground floor. Share in the profits.

DON'T have your children regret that you failed to take advantage of the opportunity their grandfathers lost.

DON'T make the mistake your father made in failing to buy Real Estate. If he had invested in it, it would have made a fortune for you.

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Hang on to your SOUTH CITY PROPERTY. It is going up, and it is going fast; the growth of South City is going to surprise the natives. **BIG MONEY** in South City property for every one. If you don't own a piece of real estate, get **BUSY** at once—buy where you can get in, **AND DO IT NOW.**

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- 1st—South City is the first station out of town on the new Bay Shore Cutoff.
- 2d—It is absolutely the nearest home place to San Francisco.
- 3d—Only 12 minutes from Third and Townsend Depot.
- 4th—Only a five-minute walk from railroad station.
- 5th—Good Schools, Churches, Stores and Bank there NOW.
- 6th—Plenty of good water—electricity—every residence lighted.
- 7th—The Automobile Club has built its boulevard through South City.
- 8th—Industrial investment, \$10,000,000. Pay roll, \$35,000 per week NOW.
- 9th—The Southern Pacific Railway has laid ten tracks in front of Peck's Lots—this means business.
- 10th—South City is a fact—not a promise.

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HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

ACT NOW—DOUBLE YOUR MONEY

PECK'S LOTS—Sell for \$300 and up—\$5 a MONTH

NO INTEREST NO TAXES

Macadamized street, sidewalks, curbs, sewer, water mains and electric lights all included in the price of lots and are guaranteed in contract. **IMMEDIATE POSSESSION GIVEN.** They are only one block from built-up section; two blocks from business center, where corner lots are held at \$10,000. Buy NOW, while you can get benefit of the rapid increase in value as soon as the rapid suburban service is put on the Bay Shore Cutoff. But at present prices. Do not wait until too late and then be sorry that you missed the opportunity of your life.

SEIZE THIS OPPORTUNITY NOW—TO-DAY!

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Please send me a description of literature and Map of Peck's Lots. In making this request for information I am not committing myself in any way.

Name _____

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FILL IN, CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY

This Coupon is our Agent—It saves You his Commission
This Coupon Good for \$25
Peck & Garrett, 22 Montgomery St.
Gentlemen: Herewith \$25 cash payment certificate to apply on a Peck lot. Herewith this certificate is to cover the first payment of \$25. I will pay the remainder \$5 per month. There is to be no interest or taxes.

Name _____

Address _____

REDWOOD CITY NOTES IN BRIEF

Superintendent Cloud visited all the schools on the coast side last week.

Rev. Walter B. Clark, late of Bakersfield, has accepted a call to St. Peter's Episcopal Church at this place.

W. J. Price, of San Francisco, was the guest of his son, W. A. Price, the popular postmaster.

A. L. Fulton and W. Beesen have gone to Fresno county in the interest of their mining business.

Dr. W. M. Barret is spending a brief vacation in Tacoma, Wash., visiting his son Walter.

Mrs. Baldwin, of San Francisco, is spending some weeks with her son, Mr. John Hall of 809 Arguello Street.

Mrs. S. T. Fox and daughters spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe.

Miss Hoyt has sold out her stationery store and returned to her home in Benicia.

Mrs. Bert Price has returned from Fort Scott, Kansas, to which place she went some months since.

A daughter was born on Sunday last to Mrs. Hall Ross, nee Justice Beeger.

Wm. Rones has returned from a month's visit to his old home in Michigan. Billy reports a good time, but glad to get back to Sunny California.

The Episcopal fair held last Friday afternoon and evening netted the ladies about \$375, and a royal good time was enjoyed by all present.

Mrs. M. Kirkpatrick of San Francisco, spent Sunday with friends here, Mrs. Kirkpatrick was en route to the coast where she will visit her son, Arthur.

C. W. Geitridge visited his uncle W. H. Kinne last week. Mr. Geitridge was a former resident, being engaged in the butcher business for some time. He is now engaged in a livery stable in Los Gatos.

Will Fitzpatrick has returned from San Juan, San Benito Co., where he had been employed in building the Ocean Shore Railway from Chittenden to San Juan.

Miss Moore, niece of Mr. James Crowe, of Hamilton, Canada, visited her uncle's family last week. Miss Moore accompanied Miss Gaw, who is touring the United States, and will again visit Redwood on their return from the southern part of the State.

Miss Alta Sara Henshaw, a niece of Judge Henshaw of this place, was married on last Thursday to Mr. Harry Chickering, a prominent attorney of San Francisco. The ceremony took place at the home of the bride's parents in Oakland.

The ladies of the Congregational Church held a Missionary Tea at the home of Mrs. C. J. Bettin, on Friday afternoon. Mrs. Brown was leader of the discussion. The topic of the meeting was "Africa". After the meeting a social hour was enjoyed, when light refreshments were served.

The town was overrun with automobiles last Saturday, all going to the football game at Stanford's. No accidents occurred from the swift-running through town in violation of the ordinance. The main thoroughfares are bitumen and no doubt the automobilists thought they were a good speed track. Sometimes three abreast would try to pass each other.

DR. H. G. PLYMIRE HAS EXCITING EXPERIENCE

Japanese Fight for Their Dead, But Finally Yield the Bodies of Their Countrymen to the Coroner.

An unusual and exciting experience was had by Coroner H. G. Plymire of this county last Monday when he proceeded over to the coast to what is known as San Pedro point. Coroner Plymire had been notified that several men had lost their lives in a landslide on the Ocean Shore road, and immediately repaired to the designated locality when, to his surprise, he was informed by a stocky little Japanese that two of his countrymen had been killed, but he could not come near or see them.

Plymire persuaded and threatened in vain, but the little brown man was determined. The doctor then told him that he would have to desist or he would bring armed men to accomplish what he intended, whereupon about twenty-five more Japanese lined up, and crowding around Dr. Plymire, told him in an insolent and threatening manner that they would be ready for him or any one whom he might bring. They stoutly refused to have him even view the remains of the two unfortunates, who, of course, were Japanese laborers.

Dr. Plymire finally realized that he was powerless against the odds, and after deliberating a short while called to his assistance a number of white workmen, numbering about thirty in all, and with these repaired again to the scene, prepared this time to give battle. The Japanese now seeing the advancing army of whites, immediately

submitted without further show of resistance, but first requested that they be allowed to retain their dead, which they said they wished to turn over to an undertaker. This request was promptly granted by the doctor and the inquest was conducted, the Japanese standing around in breathless anxiety until the proceedings were concluded.

The dead Japanese, K. Timushito and K. Suyemoto, were working as laborers on the Ocean Shore Railroad line in San Mateo county, when a large landslide, taking place suddenly, buried them both beneath a mass of rocks. Their companions, who were all Japanese, exhumed them and hastily stowed them away in their beds and endeavored to conceal their death, but this was reported by a passer-by.

PECK'S ADDITION

Local headquarters in Post Office building. The first section of lots now on the market. For price list and terms apply to the undersigned. Team to the door and no trouble to show the property.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM & Co.

PECK'S LOTS ITEMS.

Forty-three Peck's lots were sold last Sunday.

Tomorrow there will be large excursions from Vallejo and Crockett to Peck's lots.

A special electric car will leave Fifth and Market Streets, San Francisco for Peck's lots at 10 a. m. sharp tomorrow.

George Lottritz and family will move into their cottage on Peck's lots Monday.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF JOHN MORO, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, H. G. PLYMIRE, Administrator of the Estate of John Moro, Deceased, to the creditors and all persons having claims against said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months, after the first publication of this notice, to said administrator, at the office of his attorney, Harry E. Styles, on Grand Avenue, in the town of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the County of San Mateo, State of California.

Dated September 28, 1907.
H. G. PLYMIRE,
Administrator of said Estate.
HARRY E. STYLES, Attorney for Administrator.
Sept. 28-4t

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FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES
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Imported Italian Produce a Specialty

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